
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1823.

MISS CAREW.

THE young lady, whose portrait we have this month the pleasure of presenting to our fair readers, is a native of London, and descended from a very ancient and respectable family in Ireland. Her grandfather was a captain in the British navy, and served with honor under the celebrated Admiral Boscawen. Miss Carew has the happiness of enjoying the fostering care and protection of both her parents; her father holding a respectable situation under Government.

At an early period, the fair subject of our present memoir evinced a particular talent for music; in consequence of which, she became a pupil of Mr. James Welch, under whose able instruction she soon united an accurate acquaintance with the science of music with a very melodious voice. Thus qualified, this lady advanced with unusual rapidity to that standard of perfection, which she has since attained. Her style of singing is universally allowed greatly to resemble that of Miss Stephens, insomuch that she has been more than once mistaken for that sweet enchantress, in whose characters Miss Carew has appeared with infinite success.

Our heroine made her *debüt* at Covent-garden theatre in the winter of 1815, where she met with the most flattering reception. In the following summer, she again appeared before the public, at the Haymarket theatre, and subsequently at the English Opera and Drury-lane; at all which places, she has ranked deservedly high in the number of vocal per-

formers, uniformly appearing in those conspicuous characters most suited to her superior abilities, and which, by her capability in filling them, seemed likely to stamp a lasting fame on her theatrical career, and to increase, if possible, the favor of the public towards this young and interesting performer. All the respectable journals of the day, however severe they may be in their general criticisms on the sons and daughters of Thespis, joined in the applause to which she was so eminently entitled. It happens but too often, that the nice discrimination and penetrating eye of the critic, carry with them the fiat of fate to the aspiring candidate for public favor and renown; but of Miss Carew's *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes*; her *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*; her *Polly*, in the *Beggar's Opera*; and her *Lucy Bertram*, in *Guy Mannering*, they all joined in one favorable opinion, that her style of singing, her chaste acting, and true conception of these various characters, evinced the finest traits of genius, nature, and true feeling.

The early youth of Miss Carew, with her rapid improvement, gave fair promise of her rising, not only to the highest eminence in her profession as an actress, but her musical talents likewise entitled her to the very highest degree of operatic fame; we sincerely regret, therefore, that Miss Carew has been induced to relinquish that stage, of which she was so bright an ornament; but we confidently hope, that she will again re-appear with increased effect to grace the boards of one of the great Metropolitan theatres.

At present, Miss Carew is successfully engaged in teaching music, and in singing at the leading private concerts; being warmly patronized by a number of the most distinguished families in the United Kingdom. Her personal attractions are of the first order; and it is with peculiar satisfaction and pleasure we add, that her mental acquirements—her correct, amiable, and upright conduct in private life, endear her to a numerous circle of admiring friends, and render her an example worthy of imitation by all that interesting portion of the fair sex, who dedicate their time and labors to promote the amusements of a generous and enlightened public.

CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 126.)

"You have heard," resumed Lady Gunilda, "that I was torn from the protection of your father and compelled to marry Egbert. For a considerable time after I became his wife, I was wretched and inconsolable; nor was it until Penwald, with the inconstancy natural to your sex, had placed his affections on another object, that I could be induced to treat the husband thus forced upon me with even a shew of complacency. Egbert's ardent affection for me, however, overcame his usual austerity of manners, and I found him so indulgent and devoted, that I could not help feeling it was my duty to treat him with consideration and kindness.—The hapless offspring of Penwald had been, immediately after their birth, consigned to the care of a peasant's wife, who soon after my marriage removed with them, at my desire, to a small village, which was but a short distance from the castle; and during the frequent absences of Egbert I had many opportunities of seeing them; the troubles of the times drawing him so much from home, that I had little to fear from his observation.—I was also the mother of a second girl, who was named Pega, but the weakness of my constitution at that time precluding the possibility of my discharging the duties of a mother, I was under the necessity of placing her under the care of Dame Winifred, who had already the charge of my other children: an arrangement which afforded me more unrestrained enjoyment of their society.—As the children grew up, their attachment to each other was naturally great, and when Egbert proposed sending Adela to a convent for the purpose of education, Pega expressed such poignant regret at the idea of their separation, that I prevailed upon Egbert to permit her to accompany her foster-sister, as she was then considered. Hedda, who was at that time my confessor, and knew the secret of Adela's birth, easily succeeded in obtaining my lord's permission to place the girls with his sister, who was the abbess of a neighbouring convent, whilst he undertook the charge of Anselm.—It was

with extreme surprise I learnt soon after, that Pega had expressed a desire to commence her noviciate, having been induced, by the persuasions of the sisterhood, to become one of their order. This was a measure I entirely disapproved, as I knew it would be displeasing to Egbert, and I expressed my objection to Hedda without reserve. "Be it as you will," said he gravely, "but you would do well to consider before you force a child from the sacred vocation to which her inclinations call her, even at this early age; consider whether you are justified in dragging her from the altar into a world full of temptations to sin—besides you have another daughter whose claims are prior to her's—those of Adela!"—"True, father," I replied, "but she has no claim upon Egbert." "Granted," said Hedda, "but his selfishness and injustice were the means of her losing that protection which she would otherwise have experienced—why then not acknowledge her, and assert your right?" "I dare not," cried I, shuddering, "I fear the nature of Egbert is implacable and unforgiving—my children would feel his vengeance,—at present I dare not venture upon such a measure: I will, however, consider of what you have advised."—Thus ended our conference; but my thoughts, instead of taking the direction which Hedda recommended, unhappily urged me to a deception which I have since but too successfully practised. I was aware, that as Egbert had not seen his daughter or mine for three years, their persons must be materially altered; and I conceived it likely that he might be easily imposed on if I could prevail on Adela to present herself as Pega.—The more I pondered on this scheme the more eager I was for its execution; and I accordingly repaired to the convent for the purpose of engaging Adela's acquiescence. The Lady Abbess, zealous to secure a new votary, had but few scruples to overcome; the end, to her bigotted mind, justified the means; and Adela, overjoyed at finding that she was, in reality, my child, timidly consented to play the part of an impostor, when assured it would promote my happiness, without injuring her sister; who joined her entreaties to mine, and with youthful enthusiasm repeated her assurances that her renunciation of the world was voluntary. "Pega then," cried Guthlac with emotion, "has been aware of our affinity? I could scarcely have believed this."—"You

are in an error," said Lady Gunilda hastily, "I never divulged to her the name of her father; she is innocent on that head, at least, nor has she ever given color to the deception except by preserving the strictest silence; even during their occasional intercourse, she has, with sensitive delicacy, shrunk from his caresses as if she considered herself unworthy of his notice."—"But what said Hedda to this?" enquired Guthlac anxiously.—"He has remonstrated with me frequently," said Lady Gunilda, "and urged the expediency of my avowing the truth, as soon as it became evident that my daughter had created for herself a hold in his regard: but I have never been able to muster sufficient courage to dare the event."—"Think you that Egbert was in reality deceived?" asked Guthlac, "or did he not rather seek to put you to the proof by his late disposal of his daughter?"—"That is what I cannot decide," replied Lady Gunilda; "as far as his own observation could extend, he might be deceived, for he had had few opportunities of noticing the children, and the alteration which two or three years effects at a certain age is very great.—When he first saw her upon her return from the convent, he remarked, that she was very much grown, and that her complexion was greatly improved; he seemed, however, well satisfied with her appearance, and never betrayed the least symptom of suspicion."—"And his daughter, where is she now?"—"Alas!" replied Lady Gunilda sighing, "the dear girl had scarcely entered upon her noviciate before she was attacked with a pulmonary complaint, which proved fatal. I need not say, that I felt as a mother, though my heart's dearest affections centred in the child of my lost Penwald; and the necessity there was for me to conceal my grief served to enable me to subdue it—but tell me now, Guthlac, for you have seen my boy, a happiness that I have not enjoyed for many years, how does he look? is he well?" Guthlac's reply was highly satisfactory to the anxious Gunilda, who entreated him to send off a messenger to request his immediate presence. "Your mother also," said she, "must be summoned: I have many arrangements to make before I devote myself to that religious seclusion which it is my determination to adopt for the remainder of my life. My only anxiety is now for my poor girl; I fear her prospects are blighted for ever."—"Heaven forbid,"

cried Guthlac,—“deception is ever dangerous, too often criminal—I fear, madam, you have much to answer for.”—“You cannot reproach me more than I deserve,” said Gunilda sighing, “but how could I foresee the consequences?”

Guthlac and the Lady Gunilda then separated, the former to execute the commission with which he was charged, and the latter to explain to her daughter the circumstance above related. Pega, (as we must still call her) not foreseeing any obstacle to her union with Guthlac, and conceiving from his acquiescence with her father's request, that she was, in fact, the object of his regard, was indulging in innocent dreams of future happiness, when the entrance of her mother, pale and agitated, put to flight her pleasing reverie; she started from her seat, and taking the hand of Lady Gunilda entreated to know the cause of her emotion—“Surely,” said she, gazing apprehensively in her face, “my mother can have no objection to my alliance with an object so honorable, and so esteemed—speak to me, madam; your looks alarm me; have either of us unwittingly given you offence? if not, why damp the happiness of the present hour by looks so alarmingly inauspicious?”—“My child, my child!” exclaimed Lady Gunilda, in a tone of anguish and self-accusation, “I know not how to reveal to you the fatal secret with which my bosom is charged. Loving you as I do, conceive my misery in being obliged to declare that, through my criminality, the cup of felicity is dashed from your lips for ever; you can never be the wife of Guthlac—Pega, he is your brother!”—A scream of horror burst from the lips of Pega, but not a word had she power to utter; and Lady Gunilda read in her fixed and mournful gaze, that the intelligence was likely to have a more dreadful effect than she had apprehended. “Can this be possible!” she at length with a convulsive effort articulated, “is it not another deception?” “It is but too true,” replied Gunilda mournfully, “but I trust, my dear child, you have strength of mind sufficient to bear you up against this unexpected stroke. Oh! do not make me bear too heavily the the penalty of my crime, by seeing that I have brought wretchedness on her for whose sake alone I have practised a deception hateful and oppressive to myself! when you have heard all, you will not judge me so harshly.”—“True,” said Pega thoughtfully, yet with an air of abstraction, “I have

no right to reproach you; I have erred culpably, and the punishment now falls justly on me.—Yet think not, mother, that the fondly cherished hope of years can be overthrown by a single word—as brother, or husband, Guthlac must be still the cherished object of my thoughts.” “But, my child,” observed Gunilda, “to cherish such thoughts would now be criminal.” Pega waved her hand indignantly, and with a scornful smile replied—“What may I expect from the world, if even a mother can judge with such illiberality?—but no matter—there is One to whom all hearts are open, and who knoweth the purity of mine.” “I suspect you not of aught to the contrary, my child,” said Lady Gunilda, “but surely this avowal of devotedness is premature and inconsiderate; for though adverse circumstances have conspired to bereave you of one object, there are others who, when time shall have soothed the anguish of your present feelings, may be found both worthy and eligible suitors.”—Pega smiled disdainfully, and after a pause replied—“Mother, I again assert, you know me not—from the first hour in which I beheld Guthlac, I felt bound to him by a sacred and indissoluble tie—that tie can be severed only by death: talk not to me then of suitors, for my resolution has long been taken to live only for him; even though I should behold him in the arms of another—conscious of my own rectitude, I can brave the world’s censure.—To live near *him*, to administer to all *his* wants, to be an eye-witness of *his* happiness, or a partaker of his adversity, should such be his lot, to comfort and solace *him* in sickness, to shield *him* in the hour of danger, shall be henceforward my office, my highest ambition”.—“Infatuated girl!” cried Gunilda in a tone of remonstrance, “you are calculating on impossibilities; you make no account of human frailty, of woman’s weakness.”—“What I have promised, I dare perform,” returned Pega firmly, “Guthlac himself could not dissuade me from my purpose.” Gunilda, apprehensive of irritating her further, in her present state of wildness and enthusiasm, forebore to offer any opposition to what she considered as the wild working of confused intellect, and strove by the tenderest caresses to restore her to a calm state of mind: having, at length, in some measure succeeded, she left her to make arrangements for the awful ceremony which was about to take place.

(To be continued.)

SECOND ESSAY.

“ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE LAST AND PRESENT CENTURY, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES AND RELATIONS OF WOMEN.”

IN treating on this subject, the writer begs to refer to his Essay, in the Twelfth Volume of the former series of this amusing and instructive work, and hopes for the indulgence of the kind reader, should he meet with any repetitions of what was then stated in nearly the same terms; as the nature of the topic, admitting of no change, renders them next to unavoidable.

At the commencement, and during the greater part of the preceding century, intelligent and affectionate mothers, who had the welfare of their children sincerely at heart, were observed to take a particular delight in cultivating the tender minds of their daughters; first instilling into them the fear of God and every principle of religion and morality, and then alternately instructing them in useful labors, appropriate to their sex, and in the rudiments of grammar, to fit them for further improvement in other branches of learning, from the lessons of able masters. At those lessons they never omitted to be present; bestowing praise, or dealing out censure, according as occasion seemed so require, and exciting emulation by trifling rewards, which proved highly gratifying to the meritorious. The virtuous example of the mother was imitated by her daughters, who strove to excel in all that is good and commendable in young females. As they advanced in age, and their judgments became matured, they were, by their wise parents, initiated in the duties of a housewife, and in domestic economy, that, upon entering, at some future period into the holy state of matrimony, they might know how to conduct themselves and manage their household, so as to avoid profusion and yet always to have a sufficiency; for the former begets want, and the latter assures comfort to a family. The elegant exterior accomplishments, which impart a grace to the person, charm society, and afford amusement in leisure hours or retirement, were by no means neglected; and had their allotted share in the education of young la-

dies; yet, with regard to these advantages, they were given to understand, that they must ever be subservient, not paramount to their *moral duties*, nor be suffered, at any time, to trespass upon them. A like injunction forbade their too close application to reading, from which all improper novels, so apt to corrupt the morals and mislead the mind, were absolutely banished; while such books only were selected for them, as served to enlighten the understanding, enlarge the ideas, and ameliorate the heart. Thus were these young women happily preserved from imbibing erroneous conceits and extravagant fancies, which often produce the most pernicious effects, at the same time that they acquired a just taste, and pure sentiments worthy of admiration. In the study of languages, it was thought enough, that after a correct knowledge of their own tongue, they should learn to speak with fluency, French and Italian, as the most common all over the European continent, which they might, some day or other, have an opportunity to visit, in the company of their relations or future spouses. Enabled thereby to converse with foreigners, both at home and abroad, these young ladies soon became sensible that those languages proved a valuable acquisition, and indeed no small distinction to them, on their introduction into the great world. As to Latin, none but those who had a particular desire to learn it, in order to read and comprehend the principal and most celebrated writers of antiquity, were taught it. It not being the wish of the parents, that their daughters should covet the reputation of *learned women*, so little adapted to the generality of suitors, they wisely abstained from infusing into female minds a knowledge, that would only tend to increase their natural vanity, and deter most men from forming an alliance with them. Thus then the fair portion of creation in the former century, was, in a great measure, prevented from falling into the fatal errors, which the pretended *improved* mode of education has produced in our present times; nor did it, at that epoch, occur to the inferior and working classes of the people, to have their daughters brought up in a style superior to their condition in life, and to see them afterwards affecting an unbecoming ridiculous pride; disdaining to make themselves useful in domestic concerns, and even contemning on all occasions the simplicity and illiterateness of their industrious

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parents: no, they had more sense than to squander away their hard-earned money for imaginary benefits, and to lose the substance, in order to catch at an empty shadow. They knew, that if they sent their daughters to a good day-school in the neighborhood, to learn needle-work, reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, the girls would be serviceable to them in their business, and being kept at home for the remainder of the day, the mothers might employ them for many necessary things requisite to be done in a family: by which means they would not only be in early youth, habituated to industry, order, and regularity, but learn in time to superintend the house, attend to the shop, or discharge any other duties for their parents, when either absent, sick, or grown feeble and infirm by age. Independently of this, such young females, whether endowed with personal charms and other outward advantages or no, might, nine times in ten, indulge a certain expectation of attracting the attention of a rational and well-deserving young man; who, being on the point of entering into business for himself, or already established in some trade or other, would think it a happiness to obtain the hand of one, who being so excellent a manager, might fairly promise to make him comfortable for life.

Compare we now this ancient mode of in-door education with the system adopted in the present century, and hatched by a sort of wiseacres, styling themselves philosophers, and professing to know a great deal more of the human mind than our forefathers, whom they affect to despise; and we shall soon, from the evident results of both practices, be able to confound these prating reformers, by shewing their utter ignorance of the matter, and convincing every dispassionate, unprejudiced, and reflecting individual, that it is chiefly to them, we must attribute the changes observable in the ideas, the principles, and manners of the age. Incredulity is the forerunner of irreligion and immorality. The farther it spreads its contagious influence, the more the different ranks of society become corrupted in their hearts, and the sacred bonds, which should inviolably preserve the union, are gradually dissolved, while the end of such lamentable corruption can be nothing else than a return to the worst state of barbarism.

Pleasure, sensuality, and dissipation, have, in these days,

got such fast hold of our married women, both in high and low life, that they are not only averse, but for the most part incapacitated, from taking upon themselves the instruction of their offspring. This being the case, they are by their degenerate and unfeeling mothers, first entrusted to the care of a set of hypocritical, ignorant, or vicious servants, from whom they learn many vulgarities, bad sayings; nay, even swearing, lying, and other detestable habits, which it is afterwards extremely difficult to make them abandon. Arrived at the age of five or six years, they are next sent from hence to a preparatory boarding-school, a little way from town, where young females receive instruction in working at their needle, in spelling, and in reading, as likewise in rehearsing small pieces of poetry with a wrong emphasis, or in a monotonous manner, which nevertheless pleases the mother: who is herself unable, perhaps, to judge rightly, or is blind to every defect in her child, or too indolent in many instances to redress it. This course of preparation once finished, the dear creatures, (as if it were intended that their affections should be entirely estranged from their natural parents) are then anew exiled from the paternal roof, and doomed to pass four or five years among strangers at one or the other of these expensive establishments, which have of late been multiplied, in proportion to the progressive incapacity of our luxurious and fashionable wedded ladies, for the sake, no doubt, of relieving them from the fatigue and unpleasantness of watching over the morals and mental improvement of their own daughters; they have now the finest opportunity of completing their education in those seminaries, deemed by their mothers the greatest convenience, and extolled as highly creditable to the *superior sense* and *wisdom* of this *enlightened* age, in comparison with the former. But let us coolly and impartially examine, in what this boasted superiority really *does*, or *does not* consist. The young damsels, now placed at these distinguished nurseries of intellectual capacities and polished manners, acquire at length, a *brilliant surface* without *depth* or *solidity*. They are become tolerably proficient in those blending but trivial evanescent accomplishments, which serve to swell their absurd pride, while they gain the loud plaudits and unqualified admiration of a vain and thoughtless world, delighted with all that strikes the outward senses.—They have

get a smattering of French, of history, of geography, of poetry, and other scientific matters; they understand penning a familiar letter in the true style of romance, and possess a passionate fondness for modern novels, plays, and even obscene books.

Decked out with the above-mentioned acquirements, not forgetting the imperfections nor the polluted mind, the daughters, at last, return into the bosom of their respective families, and are welcomed by their mothers with a joy not seldom mingled with jealousy, but generally by far too exulting. For, all duly considered, what are these lovely girls fit for, but to dance, to sing, to play on the piano, to dress, take their pleasure, in short to kill time in all the frivolous gaieties and amusements of the town? They detest home, and if the unfavorableness of the weather obliges them to stay within doors, they occupy themselves perhaps with some fancy-work, with drawing, reading, or writing some nonsense or other, grow vapourish, declaim against Heaven for baulking them of their intended excursion: and sink down upon a couch to *dream* of happiness, till dinner, tea, or supper is announced. To learn domestic economy, they feel not the smallest inclination. How then will they ever govern their own houses and families?—This is a question that gives them no concern. If of the higher order, they leave this business, like their noble mothers, to the major-domo, or housekeeper, trusting to the discretion and presumed probity of this crafty sort of people; if of an inferior rank, to the cook, butler, or other equally trust-worthy servants, who never forget themselves, and mostly live even better than their masters; and, if of the middling class of shop-keepers and mechanics, the poor mother must manage as well as she can, and suffer the sweet idol to remain unmolested. Is it at all likely, that such spoiled daughters should ever make good housewives or respectable mothers? who will venture to assert the contrary? Daily, the evidence of the fact stares him in the face, Among the nobility and gentry of large estates, the consequences of so mistaken an education are, (though mischievous enough,) in some degree atoned for by a splendid fortune, that must be the portion of the young lady, and by the illustrious name, and the powerful weight and influence of her family in the state; these valuable considerations cannot fail

to secure her a spouse, suited to her high birth. But calamitous and shocking in the extreme, must these self-same consequences be to the daughters of people in a middling station, and of easy, yet moderate circumstances, who cannot give them any large dowry, but still enough to tempt some interested silly coxcomb to have them, and who in the course of a few years finds himself ruined by their extravagance and mismanagement; and curses his folly in ever having united himself to such a doll. The lower class of traders and handicraftsmen, however, who from a reprehensible desire of apeing their betters, because Providence, by blessing their labors, furnished them with the means to live in comfort, had sent their daughters to a boarding-school, under an idea that having them educated in a style above the common, they would derive the advantage of getting, one day or another, married to some fine gentleman, and had even inspired them with this vain notion, have afterwards been most dreadfully deceived. For, although some young libertines, charmed with the prettiness and gentility of the lasses, swore they loved them to distraction, and would sooner die than forego their possession; yet, knowing them to be of low extraction, they only feigned this passion, the better to delude these poor things, after having gained their unsuspecting hearts. Those, who are acquainted with the frailty of human nature, particularly in the fair sex, so addicted to vanity, must know likewise, that when matters have come so far with them, nothing is easier for men, practised in the arts of seduction, than to impose still farther upon their credulity, and to conduct them, step by step, to their undoing. So it has happened, and continues to happen to many of these high-bred misses, who being afterwards deserted by their base seducers, forfeit the good opinion of the world, lower themselves in their own estimation, and bring disgrace on their disconsolate parents. Many a young female too, stung to the quick by a prevalent sense of shame, has been known to commit the rash and impious act of suicide; while others of less acute feelings have followed a course of profligacy, terminating life in disease, ignominy, and poverty.

Who can, without horror, contemplate all these dire effects resulting from this new-fangled plan of female education, and not give a decided preference to that pursued in the former

age, when the daughters of the rich were instructed in what it behoved them to know, at their own homes, and under the immediate inspection of their genitors and mothers—when no false pride prompted the other classes to vie with the first, and so depart from the old customs, the goodness of which had been confirmed by self-experience?

O tempora! O mores!

O times! O manners! what a change!
Improvements such are truly strange.

J. B. D.

A SINGULAR WILL.

WILLIAM NOY, Attorney General in the reign of King Charles the First, was a man of eminence in his profession. Echard says, "He was a man exceedingly humorous, of a cynical rusticity, a most indefatigable searcher of ancient records, whereby he became an eminent instrument, both of good and ill, to the king's prerogative. He had a roughness which made him unapt to flatter other men, and his pride rendered him most liable to be flattered himself. By which means he was, by the artifice of others, brought to think that he could not give a greater proof that his skill in the law was greater than all other mens' than by making that law, which all other men believed not to be so. He wanted a due knowledge of men; and left behind him a very strange will; being by some accounted a Papist, if not an Atheist*.

The singularity of Noy's testamentary disposition consisted in the following bequest: "The rest of all my goods, lands, &c. I leave to my son Edward Noy, whom I make my executor, to be consumed and scattered about, *nec de eo melius speravi†.*" He died August the 9th. 1634.

* History of England, p. 456.

† That is, "Neither do I expect from him any thing better."—Tradition reports that the legatee disappointed his father's prognostication; and, struck by the severe admonition implied in it, reformed his dissolute character, became prudent and economical; and instead of consuming his patrimony, added to it very considerably.

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE;

A TALE.

By the Author of "Marian Melfort," "Confessions of a Benedict," &c.

(Continued from page 131.)

CHAP. X.

THE peaceful inmates of the Cottage were surprised one evening, just as they were retiring to rest, by the arrival of an unexpected visitor in the person of Mrs. Margaret Fitzgerald. She was accompanied by an elderly female, whom Oscar instantly recognized as the person whose singular conduct had made such a forcible impression on his mind, in the adventure already related, and who proved in fact to be the Aunt Marlow often spoken of by the young people, but not personally recollected. Her being in company with Mrs. Margaret, afforded fresh subject for surprise; especially as the significant looks of the old lady to Mr. Fitzormond, indicated that her business with him was of a private and not unimportant nature.—After partaking of some refreshment, and chatting awhile on common-place subjects, Mrs. Margaret began to be more particular in her enquiries respecting the inmates of the Castle: intimating, at the same time, that it was her intention to proceed thither on the following day; "I have not of late," she added, "troubled them much with my company, because I knew I should not be a very welcome guest, to some part of the family.—The present Countess was never a favorite with me, but no matter; tell me, young gentleman," addressing Oscar, "what sort of a youth is her son?" Oscar spoke warmly in praise of his friend, to which Mrs. Margaret listened attentively and merely replied, "perhaps the enthusiasm of youth leads you to give him credit for virtues which he does not possess. I much question whether he has not a small portion of his mother's art in his composition."—"I know him too well to countenance any such suspicion," cried Oscar indignantly.—"You are sworn friends, I presume," said Mrs. Margaret dryly, "but I dare say his friendship has never yet been put thoroughly to the test; think you he would make any sacrifice for your sake?" "I know not how any such could

be required of him?" replied Oscar with evident marks of astonishment—"of his generosity and liberality of sentiment, I have had ample proofs; what more can be required?" "Something more may be required," observed Mrs. Marlow, now for the first time joining in the conversation, "and that sooner than you expect; but this is idle talk; our business here is of moment, and may occasion some unlooked-for changes to all parties: but before we enter more fully on the subject, we must have some private conversation with my brother."—Oscar, strangely perplexed, immediately withdrew with his sister, leaving his father with his guests to a conference which lasted to a late hour.—On the following morning, when the parties met, the looks of Mr. Fitzzormond evinced that he had passed a sleepless night; he appeared agitated and uneasy, frequently casting on Oscar looks of apprehensive concern, which filled the latter with alarm and anxiety.—As soon as they had breakfasted, their two guests set out for the Castle; when Mr. Fitzzormond taking Oscar with him into his study, thus addressed him. "I am authorised by your friends, who have just left us, to make you acquainted with a most unlooked-for change in your prospects, my dear Oscar; but in so doing, I must confess, I feel a selfish pang which makes me almost desirous of concealing facts with which it is now absolutely necessary you should be made acquainted. After having had for so many years, the comfort of your society, and having, upon all occasions, experienced from you the dutiful affection of an attached son, think what I must feel upon being thus suddenly called upon to relinquish my claim to you; and to behold it transferred to another; to inform you, in fact, that I am not your father?"—Mr. Fitzzormond here broke off abruptly and covered his face with his hands, while Oscar rushing forward, threw his arms round him, exclaiming, "*Not my father!* Oh! it is false, I am sure it is; you are, you must be my father; I can never own another." "My dear, my excellent boy," said Mr. Fitzzormond recovering himself, and trying to speak with composure, "I am gratified by these spontaneous effusions of regard, but facts are stubborn things; and I, last night, was made acquainted with circumstances, of which I had, I assure you, no previous idea; I cannot now enter on the disagreeable particulars, but I am

assured to a certainty, that you are no son of mine; but owe your birth to one infinitely higher in rank and worldly advantage, even to Lord Montauban!"—Oscar started back—a glow of shame and confusion tinged his cheek as he murmured—"Lord Montauban my father! then what am I?"—Mr. Fitzormond reading his thoughts in his expressive countenance, took his hand, and said, in a soothing manner, "what you ought to be, my boy—the happy son of a worthy father, and heir to a peerage: fear not," he added, observing Oscar's look of incredulity, "no stigma attaches to your birth; and though some difficulties may attend the assertion of your rights, you have friends who will, and can, see that you are not unjustly deprived of them; even should the Earl attempt to defer acknowledging you."—"I can scarcely credit what I hear," replied Oscar, looking earnestly in the face of Mr. Fitzormond, "is there no trick in this? perhaps you are yourself deceived—believe me, my dear father, for such I must ever consider you, I hope it may be so."—"Have you then no ambition—no coveted object which rank and affluence may the better enable you to obtain?"—asked Mr. Fitzormond with a penetrating look, which caused the eyes of Oscar to fall beneath his scrutiny—"I did not give you credit for so much humility."—"I am astonished, bewildered," cried Oscar in hurried accents—"think you, dear sir, that I can ever assert a claim so injurious to my noble friend and benefactor, Lord Irvine?"—"He who bears that title is your younger brother," said Mr. Fitzormond gravely, "and if he be what you have described him, and what I firmly believe he will prove, he will generously yield his claim to the friend for whom he has so long professed a disinterested regard."—"But of which," interrupted Oscar, "I will never demand his relinquishing." "Others will for you, nevertheless," replied Mr. Fitzormond. "I solemnly protest," said Oscar, "that I never will take a step in the business, and whoever does, acts without my concurrence and in opposition to my wishes."—"Well, well," said Mr. Fitzormond, "we will not discuss that point now; let us first hear how the Earl receives the intelligence; it will then be time enough to arrange this point of delicacy.—Remember, for the present, even Marian is excluded from a participation in our secret. So let us walk abroad and endeavor to recover our wonted

serenity." Mr. Fitzormond then drew Oscar's arm within his own, and led him into the shrubbery, for a more perfect explanation of the circumstances connected with the above disclosure. We must now relate what took place at the Castle, Mrs. Margaret having sent in her name, was, with her companion, immediately admitted into the presence of the Earl, who was alone in the library. He received her with his usual complacency, and after having remarked that she had of late been a perfect stranger, begged to know the occasion of her soliciting a private interview.

"I am come, my Lord, upon an errand of a most unpleasant nature; and one, I fear, which will render me less welcome, even than I have been of late; but, though I come on an errand of justice, and have little cause to spare one person in your family, my respect for your character and feelings, induces me to act with circumspection, and, with your concurrence, to avoid an exposure, which would be disgraceful to some and painful to others."—"My good Aunt Margaret," said Lord Montauban, with a smile, "you are quite mysterious—what important matter can you have to communicate that requires such an awful preface? I declare, I never heard you so pompous in your discourse before—and who, I pray, is this stranger you have brought as a witness to our private interview?"—"One better known to Lady Montauban than to either of us," replied Mrs. Margaret, "and the person to whom I am indebted for the information which I am now about to give your Lordship." "Proceed then, I beg, madam," said Lord Montauban somewhat peevishly, "this suspense is irksome."—"To be brief then, my Lord," resumed Mrs. Margaret, "your late Lady, my dear niece, bore you one son." "That is information which it required no stranger to bring forward, I should suppose," said Lord Montauban, regarding Mrs. Margaret with a look which implied that he thought her deranged.—"Perhaps not, perhaps not," she repeated hastily, "but your lordship was deceived into a supposition that the child died in its infancy; whereas this person can prove to the contrary, nay more, that the boy is still living." "Impossible," cried the Earl, impatiently rising from his seat, "this is a fabrication, a base collusion; it admits of no proof beyond the assertion of two crazy old women: I will hear no

more of it." "Permit me, my Lord, to speak a word—it could little benefit this excellent lady or myself to fabricate a tale, which could, if without foundation, be easily disproved; but if you will have the goodness to send for Lady Montauban, I will, in her presence, disclose facts which must stagger your incredulity."—Lord Montauban hesitated, but after a few moment's consideration, he rang the bell and desired Lady Montauban's presence in the library.—It was not long before she made her appearance, and having been previously informed that Mrs. Margaret was there, she coldly saluted the old lady, on her entrance, and was proceeding to take a seat when her eyes encountered those of the unexpected visitor.—An involuntary shriek betrayed her recognition of the intruder, and, with an agitated voice, she uttered "Marlow! what brings you here?"

Lord Montauban now regarded the person of the stranger more attentively, and seemed also to be struck with a sudden recollection of having known her before, repeating, "Marlow, Marlow, surely that was the name of your waiting woman when—" "Yes, my Lord, when your first lady was living," said Mrs. Marlow finishing the sentence, "I waited on Miss Macpherson, and was her confidential companion, as she well knows."—"Lady Montauban," said the Earl gravely, "this person has brought forward a most extraordinary assertion, and has even the boldness to implicate you in a charge which I trust she cannot substantiate." "She has not dared," exclaimed Lady Montauban furiously, "I will tear her piecemeal." "Softly, my Lady," interposed Mrs. Margaret, "this violence seems to indicate that you know more of the affair than, upon cooler reflection, you might choose to acknowledge; if you have nothing to apprehend from Mrs. Marlow's disclosure, there can be no occasion for this warmth."—"True," observed Lord Montauban gravely, "a calm and dignified deportment would be more becoming, at all events." "But, my Lord," said Lady Montauban busting into tears, "her insolence in thus forcing herself into your presence, to endeavour to prejudice you against me, by some base fabrication, cannot but excite my indignation; however, I know who to thank for it, Mrs. Margaret was never my friend."—"This is nothing to the purpose," said Lord Montauban, leading his lady to a seat,

where he almost forcibly detained her; "I requested your presence here, that she might, before you, explain the particulars of a most mysterious affair. Go on, Mrs. Marlow, if you please: you have already asserted that the son born to me by the first Lady Montauban, did not die at the time I was given to suppose it did." "Monstrous," exclaimed Lady Montauban attempting to spring from her chair, while a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, "would the wretch assert such a falsehood?"—"I have already done so," replied the undaunted Marlow, "and can even produce him, if required."—"Surely," said Lady Montauban, with a look of scorn, in which fear was nevertheless strongly blended, "your Lordship cannot be the dupe of such a gross imposition?"—"Silence, if you please," cried the Earl, "I must hear how far this woman's presumption will carry her; she will soon convict herself, I make no doubt; but pray, Mrs. Marlow, if you knew all this, why was I not made acquainted with it before?" "Because, for some years, your Lady^{ship} made it better worth my while to keep the secret. Since then I have been absent from England; nor did I, till within the last six months, trouble my head about an affair in which I was no longer personally interested."—"And pray, where is this youth, whom you wish to introduce as my son?" asked the Earl sarcastically, "He is one who will not disgrace your acknowledgement, my Lord; but, with your permission I will first relate the particulars of the whole transaction." "It is my wish," said Lord Montauban.—"I was, as you have before heard, my Lord, in the service of Miss Macpherson, while she was on a visit at your house. Some domestic unpleasantness had occurred, previously to Lady Montauban's decease, of which I shall have further occasion to speak—however, it was the occasion of your imbibing a prejudice against the child, so strong, that, as Miss Macpherson assured me, you wished it had died with its mother—the child was put out to nurse, and the delicacy of its constitution was in fact such, as to render it probable, that it would not long be a trouble to you. Just about the same time, a sister of mine, who resided near where the child was placed (for it was in fact to the care of her nurse I had confided it, having been desired by Miss Macpherson to look out for a proper person) was confined and brought to bed

of a boy, who died in a few hours after his birth. Fearful of the effects of the shock upon a frame so delicate as that of my sister, the nurse, by the doctor's advice, would not inform her of the fact, but substituted the little nursling, then but two days old, thinking to undeceive the mother at a more favourable season.—Family reasons had rendered the birth of a male child a most desirable event to my sister, and, as her husband happened to be absent at the time, she dwelt with so much rapture on the idea of presenting his little son to him, on his return, that the good woman delayed, from day to day, making the necessary disclosure; and the child thrived so fast, in consequence of the salutary nourishment it received, that I could not help mentioning the circumstance to Miss Macpherson, palliating it with as many excuses as the case would admit of.—To my great surprise, Miss Macpherson, instead of being angry, as I expected, expressed satisfaction at the arrangement, and even went so far as to say, that if my sister kept the brat entirely, it would be well got rid of.”—Lady Montauban now, almost frantically, called upon Mrs. Marlow to desist; but the Earl was peremptory in enforcing silence on her, and commanded the other to proceed—“I suggested to Miss Macpherson, that your Lordship would naturally make enquiries for the child; to which she replied, as if in confidence, that you had doubts of its being your own, and consequently cared little about it—that she had no doubt of being soon made your wife, when you would, in all probability, have a juster claimant on your paternal regard—that we must raise a report of the child's death, and, if I would keep the secret, the whole affair would be soon settled. I observed that there must be a funeral.”—“That can be easily managed,” said Miss Macpherson, “leave that to me.”—“Can this be possible?” exclaimed Lord Montauban, turning indignantly to his lady, who, now finding that she was completely exposed, fell pale and trembling at his feet. “Remember, my Lord,” cried the humiliated Jessica, “that the Countess was false to you; can you then so severely condemn me for a stratagem which, culpable as I own it to be, was caused by my love for you?”—Lord Montauban seemed a little softened by this appeal, but replied, with some sternness—“Nothing could or can justify an artifice so mean and base—I see plainly

your motive, and despise it; from this day, Lady Montauban, we meet as strangers; though regard for our children may induce me treat you with external marks of respect. No tears, no protestations, madam,—you know my disposition, retire;—but first, Mrs. Marlow, I wish to be informed how the suppositious funeral was managed, and where my son is at present.”—“A waxen image, as large as a young child, was purchased by Miss Macpherson, and placed by her in the coffin, which was afterwards deposited in the family vault, as if containing the body of your son and heir.—This, my Lord, may be easily proved whenever you will take the trouble of inspecting the contents of the coffin. After having received several considerable sums from Miss Macpherson, I quitted her service, and married a corporal of the regiment commanded by Colonel Macpherson, and went abroad with him. While at Montreal, I renewed my acquaintance with Owen, Lady Georgiana’s woman, who had formerly served Lady Montauban, and, from her, I learnt several particulars, which are equally important for your Lordship to be informed of, as well as what I have already related—but, for these I must refer you to Lady Georgiana herself.

After the death of my husband, I returned to England, in embarrassed circumstances, and learnt, upon enquiry, that my sister had died during my absence; that the child remained with his supposed father, and that their residence was in the vicinity of Fitzgerald Castle.—This information induced me immediately to proceed hither; but sickness and the want of means, detained me for a considerable time at Glasgow, where, on quitting it, an accident befel me which introduced to me Oscar Fitzormond, as he is called, in company with your Lordship’s son.”—“Oscar Fitzormond, did you say?” repeated the Earl, with emotion, “surely, Lady Montauban, you must have known this?” “Indeed, my Lord,” replied the confused Jessica, “I did not—the name indeed struck me, at first, but it is not an uncommon one, and I could not be certain—But surely, my Lord, however this woman’s story may have operated to my disadvantage, you will not deprive my boy of his rights, by acknowledging this young pretender?”—“He is no pretender,” said Mrs. Margaret, with a triumphant glance at the crest-fallen Jessica,—“he is Lord Montauban’s son and heir, and shall have justice done him

in the face of the world.—In coming here," said Mrs. Marlow, "I had no intention or aim but that of easing my mind of a burthen, and releasing Mr. Fitzormond from a charge, fraudulently imposed on him; but I have since learnt, from himself, some particulars which make me desirous to behold the young man properly established in his rightful inheritance. It therefore rests with you, my Lord, to adjust all in an amicable manner; if you think proper to acknowledge your son, and to let the whole blame of the transaction rest on me, I am willing to have it so, and your lady will escape censure; otherwise I am resolved to support Oscar's claim, with my evidence; and public exposure must be the consequence." Lord Montauban, agitated and irresolute, required time for deliberation.—Lady Montauban felt herself really ill and withdrew to her apartment; and Mrs. Margaret, with her companion, after partaking of some refreshment, returned to the Cottage.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LEARNED DISCOVERY.

AMONG the discoveries of the learned which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank. Some years ago there were several large elm trees in the College-garden, behind the Ecclesiastical-court, Doctor's-commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of *convocation* of ærial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game, by means of a cross-bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study, that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, no sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profitless* time of peace, and the doctor having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery. He actually wrote a *treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that rooks were subject to *epilepsy*!

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. XV.

THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

MR. MILMAN is Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford; and of his ability and talent to adorn and sustain the dignity of his appointment, he has already given the public several proofs. To his professional studies as a clergyman, we attribute the direction of his thoughts and talents to that range of subjects which his muse has chosen: but as it is by no means imperative, that he should restrict himself to scriptural subjects, we hope to see him take a wider field. The tragedy of Fazio sufficiently evinces his capability of so doing.

"The Fall of Jerusalem" is a poem of a lofty character; its aim is to direct the public mind, to that "striking and incontestible evidence" of the Christian faith, the fulfilment of the prophecies respecting the Jews. It opens with a scene on the Mount of Olives, between the Emperor Titus and his officers, in which indeed the dignity of poetic language is sustained, though but little character is developed. It strikes us as the first fault of this poem, that there is no leading personage, who, rising above the rest, concentrates the interest, and, like light in a picture, attracts undivided attention. Miriam is the one intended to take that part, but the tameness and insipidity that invest her are only rendered the more apparent by the frequency of her appearance on the scene of action; her love and lover Javan, also hang heavy on the poem. Like the introduction of the passion in Addison's Cato, it wears the appearance of being obtruded and out of place. The second scene opens with Javan at the fountain of Siloe: but his subsequent interview with his mistress, is spiritless and dull. After a long soliloquy, he suddenly hears her voice calling him by name, and, before he replies to it, he exclaims—

"It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
And enviously delays its tender sounds
From the ear that thirsteth for them."

This produces a feeling, something similar to that with which we have beheld an actor in some critical situation, linger on the stage to dole out a song or a soliloquy, when every circumstance of nature and probability would hasten his exit. The scene, however, is not without its beauties; among which is Miriam's vindication of her filial love.—

“Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.”

and Javan's parting words, when he exclaims—

“Go, in thy beauty! like a setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.”

The comparison made by the High-priest when he reproves the dissention of John and Simon, is excellent.—

“And so ye fall, because ye do disdain
To stand together—like the pines of Lebanon,
That when in one vast wood they crown the hill,
From their proud heads shake off the uninjuring tempest;
But when their single trunks stand bare and naked
Before the rushing whirlwind, one by one
It hurls the up-rooted trunks into the vale.”

Miriam's sister, Salone, presents an unskilful portraiture of a lofty-minded woman, and the contrast she affords to her gentler sister is such as a writer of far less talent than Mr. Milman could have exhibited. Distinctions so immediate and so obvious, show us the *mechanism* of a work; we are more gratified in discovering the varying, and sometimes almost imperceptible differences of character, as we become gradually acquainted with the *dramatis personæ*, than in having them thus marked in the very outset, so that the most illiterate might perceive them equally with ourselves.

Miriam beautifully apostrophizes the daughters of Jerusalem, as they proceed in procession to the Temple.—

“Oh! virgin daughters of Jerusalem!
Ye were a garden once of Hermon's lilies,
That bashfully upon the tremulous stems,
Bow to the wooing breath of the sweet spring.”

Graceful ye were! there needed not the tone
 Of tabret, harp, or lute, to modulate
 Your soft harmonious footsteps; *your light tread*
Fell like a natural music. Ah! how deeply
 Hath the cold blight of misery preyed upon you!
 How heavily ye drag your weary footsteps,
 Each like a mother mourning o'er her child!"

The scene in which Simon, John, &c. enter from the battle, is written with considerable spirit. We fancy we hear the bitter and sarcastic tone in which Simon uttered the following speech—

"Now, by the living God of Israel, John!
 Your silken slaves, your golden-sandal'd men,—
 Your *men*! I should have said, your *girls*, of Galilee!
 They will not soil their dainty hands with blood.
 Their myrrh-dew'd locks are all too smoothly curl'd
 To let the riotous and dishevelling airs
 Of battle violate their crisped neatness.
 Oh! their nice mincing steps are all unfit
 To tread the red and slippery paths of war;
 Yet they can trip it lightly when they turn
 To fly ———"

The marriage of Amariah, the son of John, with Salome the "raven-haired" daughter of Simon, cements the opposing interests of their fathers. There is much sweetness in the poetry of the bridal songs, which, at intervals, rise amid the murmurings of the terror-struck Jews. The following is supposed to be heard at a distance, and imagination readily supplies it with correspondent music—

"To the sound of timbrels sweet,
 Moving slow our solemn feet,
 We have borne thee on the road,
 To the virgin's blest abode;
 With thy yellow torches gleaming,
 And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
 And the canopy above,
 Swaying as we slowly move.

* * * * *

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
 Bride of David's kingly line!

How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
 And thy shrouded eye resembleth
 Violets, when the dews of eve
 A moist and tremulous glitter leave
 On the bashful sealed lid!
 Close within the bride-veil hid,
 Motionless thou sitt'st and mute;
 Save that at the soft salute
 Of each entering maiden friend
 Thou dost rise and softly bend.
 Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
 The door unfolds,—'tis he, 'tis he.
 Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
 Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
 Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
 Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting."

New prodigies are continually rising, and the city now presents one universal scene of dismay and horror. The circumstance, so revolting to every feeling of nature and humanity, of the mother, in the general famine, sacrificing her child to the cravings of her hunger, is narrated with much force and effect. At length the Roman conquerors enter Jerusalem, and the affrighted inhabitants are flying in all directions, vainly seeking refuge or relief. Among others Salome, the bride of yesterday, comes forth, bleeding from a mortal wound inflicted by the hand of her husband; who after their last embrace, has consigned her to the arms of death to save her from the brutal violence of the soldiery; and then rushes forth intent himself on perishing with Jerusalem.

"——— 'He smote me with the sword,' (she cries) but then
 He fell upon my neck, and wept upon me,
 And I felt nothing but his burning tears.

* * * * *

Oh! Amariah!——and an hour ago
 I was a happy bride upon thy bosom,
 And now am—Oh! God, God! if he have err'd,
 And should come back again and find me —— dead!"

She dies in the arms of her sister; who, in mourning over her, exclaims—

"Thy bridal veil is now thy shroud, my sister,
 And long thou wilt not be without a grave.
 Jerusalem will bury all her children
 Ere many hours are past."

Miriam meets a happier fate, a soldier forces her, though with a gentle violence, from the body of her sister, and pauses not till they reach the fountain of Siloe; there she again appeals to him, not to make the scene of her former innocent love the theatre of her ruin. In the soldier to whom she pleads she then discovers her lover Javan, who has assumed the disguise of a Roman soldier to save her. The poem in conclusion represents the lovers, and some of Javan's friends, as standing to behold the last of the "devoted city."

"The Martyr of Antioch," is a far more beautiful, and a more interesting poem; the leading object of the interest is more clearly and particularly defined, and the female character touched with a delicacy and brilliancy of which our previous acquaintance with Miriam and Salone gave us little anticipation. Margarita is the priestess of the Temple, her

"most peerless form,

Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory
Thrice polished by the skilful statuary,
Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,
While our scarce-erring worship doth adore
The servant rather than the God."

She becomes a convert to the doctrines of Christianity, and is summoned before the judgment-seat of Olybius, the Prefect of the East, who is her lover, to answer the charge. Her constancy is unshaken, and, acting under the influence of a stern mandate from Rome, the Prefect is obliged to consign her, like others of her suffering faith, to a prison, where she is visited by her father; the scene is deeply pathetic. A broken spirit speaks in the following passage from the lips of the aged Callia.—

"Well, I've not long to live: it matters not
Whether the old man go henceforth alone,
And if his limbs should fail him, he may seize
On some cold pillar, or some lintel post,
For that support which human hands refuse him;
Or he must hire some slave, with face and voice
Dissonant and strange ———"

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

No. XIV.

“ ————— Sic observatio crescit
Ex atavis quondam male cæpta, deinde sequutis
Tradita temporibus, serisque nepotibus aucta.”

PRUDENTIALS.

EVERY science in its origin becomes combined with a portion of fable, partly arising from imperfect observation of appearances which Nature presents, and partly from erroneous reasoning on the phænomena which occur to the notice of the observer. That Natural History, especially, should not have escaped the mixture of a considerable degree of error with the truths which it exhibits, cannot appear extraordinary, when we reflect that the materials of this branch of science consist principally of intelligence collected by a vast multitude of persons, variously qualified both to observe with accuracy and to reason with precision. Mistakes when once introduced into the science are not easily dislodged. They acquire a sort of prescriptive right to be considered as legitimate portions of knowledge, from the length of time during which they have been received and repeated by careless observers and thoughtless students.

This kind of implicit faith has, however, been much checked by the spirit of philosophical discussion, and that disposition for close and laborious investigation, which characterize the present age. Hence we may expect to see the fabulous and uncertain portions of each science fairly distinguished from what is incontestibly true; and the lines which mark the boundaries of human knowledge clearly drawn, so as to shew how far we have advanced towards an accurate acquaintance with the works of nature. In furtherance of this very desirable end, a review of some of the mistaken statements with which earlier writers on Natural History have unfortunately endeavored to embellish their pages, cannot be uninteresting, or unimportant.

Time was when no one presumed to doubt that the *porcupine* possessed the power of darting forth the sharp-pointed quills, with which its body is covered; or that the *chamelion*

drew its nourishment solely from the air. So generally were these supposed facts believed, that, like the catastrophe of Charles the Twelfth, they have repeatedly served "to point a moral or adorn a tale." But these circumstances are now known to be the exaggerated representations of inaccurate observers. The *barometz*, or *Scythian lamb*, is another subject concerning which travellers have unwarrantably indulged in flights of fancy. This inhabitant of the Deserts of Tartary is a vegetable production, which, like the *mandrake*, has been supposed to be endowed with some of the properties of animal life. We are told that the *barometz* bears the shape of a lamb; and that no grass will grow near it; that when it is wounded a fluid like blood oozes from the part; and to complete its imaginary history, that it is liable to be devoured by the wolf. The plain matter of fact is, that this vegetable substance is a cryptogamic plant of the moss species, which bears a rude and general resemblance to a lamb; and from this simple circumstance the whole tissue of romance concerning it has originated.

But, among the popular errors which have long obtained a general currency, the belief of the existence of *unicorns* is particularly deserving of notice. The traditional form of this fabulous animal is well known, as one of the supporters of the armorial bearings of the kings of England. Ancient writers, copying one from another, have given accounts of the unicorn among the wild quadrupeds of Africa; and some moderns have adopted their representations.—Aristotle more than once mentions the *monoceros*, as an animal of the horse tribe; Strabo as an horse having a head like a stag. Pliney describes it as an animal with a solid hoof; and Ælian and Ctesias both speak of large and fleet one-horned horses. Among the moderns, Berthoma has described two unicorns, which he professes to have seen at Mecca. Father Lobo reports them to abound in a certain district in Abyssinia; and Thevet asserts that he hunted unicorns, with the king of Monomotapa. We are informed by Garcias, that the early Portuguese navigators describe an animal which they found between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Corrientes, as having the head and mane of a horse, with a single moveable horn growing on its forehead. Dr. Sparmann had some intimation of the unicorn at the Cape of Good Hope; and

he mentions drawings of such an animal, (said to exist in the interior of the country,) on the sides of caverns, which have since been discovered and described by Barrow, the original of which this traveller seems to think may, at some future time, be discovered to the northward of the great chain of mountains called the Bambos Berg.*—Such is the sum total of the evidence in favor of the existence of the unicorn, as collected by a modern French writer. Indeed we are told, in Rees's Cyclopædia,† that a Mahometan African Prince is said to have sent two unicorns to Mecca, in 1799: but this vague and improbable piece of intelligence is corroborated by no authority whatsoever.—On the other hand, it may be observed, that John Leo, a Spaniard, who wrote a *Description of Africa*, in the sixteenth century, though he mentions the elephant, the giraffe, or camelopard, and other remarkable animals, takes no notice whatever of the unicorn. And Bruce, one of the most enterprising of modern travellers, in the course of his Abyssinian peregrinations, never encountered this wonderful beast.—Mr. Jackson, who resided for several years in Morocco, and who published an interesting account of that and some adjoining countries, has made some remarks on the subject under review, which are too important to be omitted.—“With regard to the animal called by our heralds the unicorn, and represented in armorial bearings, I doubt if ever such an animal existed. The *reem* [Job, chap. xxxix. v. 9, 10.] is called also *huaddee*, which signifies the beast with one horn: *aonda* signifies mare, hence perhaps, by an easy corruption of names, the *aonda* has been mistaken for *huaddee*; and the figure of a horse with a horn has been adopted as the figure of the *reem*, in our heraldic supporters. For I have frequently conversed with men who had been twenty years in the interior of Africa, but never could learn that a beast with one horn existed, in figure resembling a horse‡.”

* *Memoire sur l'existence de la licorne*, in M. Malte Brun's Translation of Barrow's Voyage to Cochin China.

† Vol. 23d. Art. *Mouceros*.

‡ Account of the Empire of Morocco. By James Grey Jackson, esq. 4to. p. 38.

There is much ingenuity in the manner in which Mr. Jackson accounts for the origin of the popular traditions relative to the unicorn: but whether they were really derived from the corruption of an Arabic word, or from some other source, may be doubtful, yet his testimony against the existence of this creature must be allowed to possess great authority. The evidence brought forward by those writers who have given accounts of the unicorn are, upon the whole, so unsatisfactory, as to render its right to a place in the catalogue of living animals almost as questionable as that of the griffins, dragons, blue lions, and golden eagles, with which the heralds have thought fit to associate him.

MISTAKEN REMORSE.

SIMON BROWN, the dissenting clergyman, exhibited a striking instance of the operation of remorse upon wounded sensibility. Brown fancied he had been deprived by the Almighty of his immortal soul, in consequence of having accidentally taken away the life of a highwayman, although it was done in the act of resistance to his threatened violence, and in protection of his person. Whilst kneeling upon the wretch whom he had succeeded in throwing upon the ground, he suddenly discovered that his prostrate enemy was deprived of life. This unexpected circumstance produced so violent an impression upon his nervous system, that he was overpowered by the idea of even involuntary homicide; and, for this imaginary crime, fancied himself ever after to be condemned to one of the most dreadful punishments that could be inflicted upon a human being.

The singular imagination of Brown was, that for this involuntary crime, his soul had deserted his body, the latter being allowed to exist in that wretched state as an awful warning. Under the influence of this malady, Brown sent to Queen Caroline, the consort of George the Second, a book written with great acuteness, accompanied by a letter, the conclusion of which alludes to himself as a monument of divine wrath in the loss of his soul.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG GREEK LADY. London. 1823. pp. 305.

THE work to which we now solicit the attention of our fair readers, has excited much interest on the Continent, where the various persons of whom it speaks are intimately known, and their characters correctly appreciated.—It has there circulated widely; and has been read with an unusual intensity of interest and feeling. About two months since it was casually introduced to the attention of the British public by a weekly literary miscellany; and, from the notice it has since attained, it has been deemed worthy of translation.—It is certainly honorable to our age and nation, that any oppression exercised on the gentler sex, never fails to conciliate for its victim the sympathy of the British public.—We conceive, therefore, that it well becomes us to second that generous feeling, and not to permit the hand of power to crush even an erring woman, without protesting against the baseness and duplicity of the oppressor.—Nor in acting thus, shall we forget that public morals demand at our hands due protection and vindication. We think it quite possible to mark our sense of the failings and errors, even of a sinful woman; and at the same time to chastise with merited severity the elevated culprit, by whose enticements and influence her guilt has been occasioned, and her ruin accomplished.

Madame Panam, at the early age of fourteen years, had the misfortune to attract, by her youth and beauty, the attention and notice of His Serene Highness the reigning Prince of Saxe Coburg. She was, at this time, residing with an elder sister at Paris, withdrawn from the protection and counsel of her mother, who was at this critical period attending, in a distant city, the sick bed of an only son.—The affairs of the family were in much embarrassment: the Prince offered his patronage, sympathising in their sorrows; “he was a friend, a father, a brother, who begged to be received without ceremony.” Availing himself of the facilities which foreign manners afford, the Prince found access to Madame Panam’s

chamber, "when she had been ill for several days, and was still in bed; her sister being out.—He took advantage of my situation, my grief, my ignorance, and my weakness. I was guilty, without being conscious of my fault. Never, perhaps, did woman fall so blindly into an abyss. I was then fourteen years of age."—Thus begun a series of conduct, which, for the credit of human nature, we would believe to be unparalleled in baseness and cruelty. This young victim of royal depravity was enticed from Paris, and from the society and protection of her mother and sister, to whom her fault was at that time unknown, under the most solemn assurances that she was to be honorably associated with the sisters of the Prince as Maid of Honour, at the royal residence at Coburg. When arrived there nought awaited her but neglect, chicanery, promises, and want. Our limits do not allow us to specify the various indignities and vexations by which this ill-fated woman was doomed to experience the faithlessness and dishonor of Princes.—We may, however, remark that she was permitted to give birth to a son, without any provision on the part of the royal seducer of those indispensable comforts and necessities which her circumstances demanded. We quote her own words. "They could not excuse themselves by feigning ignorance or forgetfulness of the state in which we were left. Had they forgotten us, a letter which I wrote to the Duke, and another from my sister, ought to have awakened remorse in their souls, if they were accessible to the least touch of pity. In the mean time the winter was coming to its close: the ninth month was upon the wane; we had neither linen, nor fire, nor candle; and my son saw the light in the midst of cries and distress, the sufferings of my mother, and the convulsions of anguish, despair, and famine, in us all, on the 4th of March, 1809." Nor was the Duke's barbarity only to be traced in the neglect and misery which Madame Panam suffered; she and her infant were exposed to positive acts of cruelty and contempt. "Severity, threats, insults, outrages, anger, and irony, were on his lips"—nay more, Madame Panam directly charges the Duke with having planned her death through the admixture of poison with her food.

Here we must terminate our notice of Madame Panam's

memoirs, which, though prolix and exhibiting an unsubdued and haughty state of feeling, are nevertheless not deficient in interest. Of their authenticity and truth we have no means of judging; except by their internal evidence; and this is certainly great. The letters and documents which illustrate and confirm the narrative, written by persons of the highest rank, bear a most favourable testimony in corroboration of its authenticity; and compel us to give an unwilling credit to this narrative of unfeeling neglect and royal dishonor.

GRAPHICAL AND LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF FONTHILL-ABBEY, WILTSHIRE; with Heraldical and Genealogical Notices of the Beckford Family. By John Britton, F.S.A. F.R.S.I., &c. London. 1823. 4to. pp. 76. 12 plates.

NOTWITHSTANDING so much has previously been published on the subject of Fonthill-abbey, and the magnificent collection of curiosities with which it was stored by its late proprietor, the literary world cannot but be much interested in the splendid production of which we are about to give an account. The reputation which Mr. Britton has acquired by his numerous publications on Topography and British Antiquities, the peculiar patronage under which this volume was produced, and the literary assistance which the author has received, are circumstances calculated to excite the expectations of the public. If these should not be gratified to their utmost extent, some allowance may be made on the score of embarrassments arising from the conduct of individuals, to which allusion is made in the "Address to the Subscribers," prefixed to the volume. Mr. Britton observes in the Preface, that he has endeavoured to confine his narrative and notes to the subject of Fonthill-abbey, and its immediate connections, excluding all superfluous detail whether technical or scientific: his object being to produce a work adapted to the pleasure and amusements of the general reader.

The literary portion of these "Illustrations of Fonthill-abbey," is divided into three chapters. The first contains descriptive notices of Fonthill and the surrounding scenery; an account of the mansion erected by Mr. Beckford's father;

information relative to the building of the Abbey; a lively sketch of Lord Nelson's visit to Fonthill, in 1800; &c. The second chapter is devoted to a description of this extraordinary structure, and of some of the singular and valuable articles with which it is furnished. The third consists of genealogical memoranda relative to Mr. Beckford's ancestors, from the pen of G. F. Beltz, esq. Lancaster Herald.

The plates are well adapted to illustrate the characteristic features of the interior and exterior of Fonthill-abbey, and of the ornamented pleasure-grounds belonging to it. Plate V. *A distant view of the building from the S. W. with the adjoining scenery*, engraved by Varral, from a drawing by Martin, may be particularized as extremely beautiful.

The letter-press of this volume is so closely connected with its graphic embellishments, as to render it difficult to select a specimen which should give a proper idea of its characteristic merits. But the following short poems are not liable to any such objection. They are from the pen of the highly talented individual to whom Fonthill-abbey owes its existence; whose wild and impressive romance "Caliph Vathek" has been so generally read and admired, as to render anything written by him an object of curiosity.

"A PRAYER."

"Like the low murmur of the secret stream
Which through dark alders winds its shady way,
My suppliant voice is heard: ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain,—on the verdant sod
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to thee,—that holy peace impart
Which soothes th' invokers of thy awful name.

O all pervading Spirit!—sacred beam!
Parent of life and light!—Eternal power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!"

"THE LAST DAY."*' Dies iræ, Dies illa!'*

"HARK! heard ye not that deep, appalling sound?
Tremble!—for lo the vexed, the affrighted ground
Heaves strong in dread convulsion—streams of fire
Burst from the vengeful sky—a voice of ire
Proclaims, 'Ye guilty, wait your final doom;
No more the silent refuge of the tomb
Shall screen your crimes, your frailties. Conscience reigns,—
Earth needs no other sceptre;—what remains
Beyond her fatal limits, dare not tell;—
Eternal Justice!—**Judgment!**—**Heaven!**—**Hell!"**

ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS of the Public Buildings of London; accompanied by historical, descriptive, and critical accounts. By J. Britton, F.S.A. and A. Pugin, Architect. 1823. 8vo. With Plates.

THE metropolis and the various edifices with which it abounds, have been often illustrated by the author and the artist. The publication before us is intended to comprise a series of plans, elevations, views, &c. of the principal palaces, churches, chapels, theatres, halls, mansions, squares, streets, bridges, and museums, of the British capital. The work consists of engravings in outline, accompanied with historical and descriptive essays. It is published periodically; one number appearing every two months. Three of these are now before us, containing accounts of St. Paul's cathedral, the churches of St. Stephen, Walbrook, and St. Martin in the Fields; the Custom-house, and the British Museum; with various illustrative plates. The plan of this publication is good, and the execution, so far as may be judged from these specimens, highly creditable to the taste and ability of the conductors.—We conceive, however, that it would be an obvious improvement of the work, if the distinct articles relative to each respective building were more condensed, and divested of every thing extraneous; as space would thus be gained for the introduction of a greater number of subjects than can be otherwise admitted within the assigned limits.*

* In the published prospectus of this work it is stated, that it will be completed in twenty-four numbers at farthest.

Leaving this suggestion to the consideration of the editors, we commend this undertaking to the patronage of all who wish to study the architectural features of the great empire of the wealth and power of the British Empire.

NEW RUSSIA. Journey from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kiev; with some account of the Colonization, and the Manners and Customs of the Colonists of New Russia. To which are added, Notes relating to the Crim Tartars. By Mary Holderness. 1823. 8vo. pp. 316. With Plates.

(Concluded from page 159.)

The growing importance of the Russian empire, its vast extent, and the intellectual improvement which has been effected the character of its inhabitants in comparatively modern times, give a peculiar value to the details of those intelligent travellers who have visited that country. The work before us is among the most interesting of the kind which have hitherto appeared.

From the mass of information which this volume affords, we shall select a short extract or two, which may seem to exemplify the general character of its contents.

In the Crimea, as in all newly settled countries, the administration of justice is not conducted on the purest principles, as appears from the following observations.—

“The Zemskoe Sood, or Landed Tribunal, is headed by an officer entitled Capitaine Espravnek, or, as the Tatars and Turks call him, Kai-ma-kan. Below him are the Zasedattles, and one of whom is commonly or frequently a Tatar; the others, Russian. In the district of Kaffa there are four of these, and at their command a certain number of strapchies, or clerks. The espravnek is, or ought to be, of noble rank, and of some consequence in the country, as the power vested in his hands is very great.

“The Russians have a proverb, which runs thus: “*Sood lubet Zoloto, ah strapchie sirebro*,” or, “The sood love gold, and their clerks silver.” As I quote from a Russian book published in 1815, I cannot be said to satirize, when I confess my belief of their proverb being a true one; and my knowledge that the government of the Krim is somewhat famous for verifying it. “Which,” said a gentleman, who was neither an Englishman nor a Russian—“which of the two do you think most likely to succeed in this cause? My friend is ready to withdraw

his claim, if it be not founded in justice and truth." This was the inquiry of a gentleman for his friend, to one of the Zasedattels. "How much money will your friend give to have it settled?" was the reply. Whatever strictness or conscientious dealing mark the heads of government in the Crimea, the underlings, who live upon such small salaries, take a watchful advantage of every opportunity for increasing them, which their almost unlimited authority so frequently presents them with. "I cannot take your money for what I am a going to do," said one of them, when a twenty-five ruble note was offered to him—"it is my duty to do it; but if you choose to make me any present"—a bow, which promised acceptance, finished the speech.

"The salary affixed to the office of Espravnek is 250 rubles per annum; which, it has been confidently said, that he is able to stretch to 10,000. Whether it be really the case, that he is gifted with the touch of Midas to such an extent, I have not authority enough to vouch for; but it is an undoubted fact, that his nominal income is very much below what he really receives, and that all above the sum allowed by government, is extorted from the Tatars, or received by ways of present, which the donors in most cases are compelled to make, to avoid worse consequences."

The Notes on the *Crim Tatars*, now republished, afford curious accounts of the dresses, marriages, funeral ceremonies, &c. in use among them. For these we must refer to the work itself, from which we can only add one more quotation.

"The Tatars wear a great number of charms and amulets, as preservatives from sickness and other dangers. They commonly consist of some written paper, purchased from the Mulla, and carefully sewn up in a piece of cotton or silk. These hang in strings about the neck, are suspended by the women to the hair, and are worn by the men in the centre of the back, stitched to the outer garment. They use this remedy for the sickness of their horses as well as for their own, and one of them lending my son a bridle, begged him to take care of the amulet attached to it, "for which," said he, "I paid five rubles." Another of their favorite specifics is a bag of millet tied round a horse's neck, which, as it is applied either for a *lame foot* or a *sore back*, is, I suppose, *equally efficacious* for each. They likewise throw an egg, or eggs, into the face of a horse

which is ill: but that this charm is not *always* effective, I can answer from my own experience. These superstitions, gross as they may appear, are by no means confined to the lower class. During the illness of one of my children, the steward of a neighbouring Murza, who accidentally came to the house, informed me that his master had the power of curing it. "He will write a paper for you," said the man, "which you must burn, and hold the child over the smoke of it: this done, she will recover; or perhaps he will direct you to sew up the paper without looking at it, and let her constantly wear it. Do not hesitate to send to him, if you desire it." I had no occasion to try the strength of this charm as my child recovered without its assistance."

Mrs. Holderness' work is ornamented with lithographic engravings; some of which, representing national dresses, are coloured. They appear to be but indifferent specimens of that style of art.

SELF-DELUSION; or Adelaide D'Hauteroche: a Tale.

By the Author of "Domestic Scenes." In 2 vols. 1823. 12mo. pp. 365, 353.

ADELAIDE D'HAUTEROCHE was the surviving orphan of a noble French family, every individual of which had, in one way or another, fallen a sacrifice to the French Revolution. Having with her uncle settled in Florence, she becomes accidentally acquainted with an English Roman Catholic family, from whom they learnt that Adelaide's maternal grandmother had become a rich widow just before their departure from England; and that her husband, Lord Walbroke, had left a considerable part of his property in her own power. Whilst Adelaide resided in Florence she was unhappily associated with a lineal descendant of the family immortalized by the love of Petrarch: and here she imbibed the very essence of Platonism, adopting a system of ethics so sublime, as perfectly dazzled her young imagination, to the utter exclusion of all suspicion of its fallacy. To the predominancy of this passion are attributable all the errors and misfortunes of her subsequent life. At the death of her uncle, Adelaide was invited to England by Lady Walbroke, with whom she continued to reside till her Ladyship's death. She was now left under the guardianship of Sir Arthur Del-

maine, with whose lady and two daughters Adelaide was to spend her minority. In this family her refined manners, fascinating and prepossessing address, cultivated understanding, blended with a simplicity of mind, and ignorance of evil, procured her a reception such as she could not fail to receive from all who were qualified to appreciate the very superior union of talents and graces she possessed.

The story of poor Adelaide is so interwoven and intermixed with that of many other characters, that we must lay a restraint on our pen: we can only give a hasty outline of its interesting and eventful history. In Sir Arthur's family she becomes introduced to Mr. Augustus Stanmore, a ward of Sir Arthur's; who having first admired, subsequently indulged a fervent passion for Adelaide, who, however, treated all his attentions with bare civility. Enthusiastic in all her feelings, and unconscious of the propriety which would have imposed a restraint on her giving way to them, Adelaide had from the first been impressed with a high degree of admiration for Sir Arthur: but this passion had subsequently given way to more violent feelings; she was fast verging to entertain a kind of idolatry for him, which in the innocence and inexperience of her heart she believed to be altogether compatible with her moral duties; he realized her ideas of perfection, and she asked no more of fate than to be permitted to contemplate it for ever. Of this passion she would speak as "the Platonic affection, or an union of souls in their most perfect purity; such as the angels should envy, if indeed, it does not constitute their own felicity." She was thus insensibly imbibing a passion which as it gathered strength was, of necessity, the bane of her own happiness, and the destroyer of that of others. Sir Arthur, although a man of virtuous conduct, and an affectionate and tender husband, found that Adelaide was insensibly gaining, in her turn, on his affection; and Lady Delmaine, though well convinced of the purity of Adelaide's heart, and of her husband's fidelity, could not but *feel* as well as remark the progress of these deceitful feelings. As she was no philosopher, she could not *stoically* witness the existence of this *Platonic* affection without secret misgivings of heart; these, like a prudent woman, and an attached wife, she wisely concealed: and to the officious friends who sought to convince her of what unhappily she was but

too conscious, she stedfastly declared her disbelief of its existence. In the mean time, the consequences of this philosophic affection discover themselves in Adelaide's gradually declining health, in Sir Arthur's growing unhappiness, and in Lady Delmaine's increasing anxiety. Augustus Stanmore having gone into France, becomes acquainted with Adelaide's early history, and, personally, with some of her connexions, The zeal with which her praise was proclaimed only heightened his passion, and, on a vague report of her indisposition he abruptly leaves Paris and comes over to Hawkwood, Sir Arthur's residence—Here he meets fresh disappointments. He witnesses the progress and the evils of this Platonic affection; and is now finally assured of the hopelessness of his suit to Adelaide. In the mean time Lady Delmaine's declining health demanding change of air and scene, she is ordered to Clifton; where though she fails to obtain a restoration of bodily health, she, nevertheless meets with the mental physician, in the Rev. Mr. Morecroft, the Rector of the parish; under whose kind counsels and advice she becomes not only a virtuous but a Christian convert.—Sir Arthur and Adelaide arrive in time to receive her dying assurance of love, and to witness her death with all the complacent magnanimity of Christian heroism. Adelaide's determined refusal of Stanmore leads to explanations: and these explanations issue in his marriage with Julia, Sir Arthur's daughter. These three set out for Italy, where Adelaide, under the solicitation of the Abbess, at Florence, with whom she was previously acquainted, is induced, unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Stanmore, to take the veil. The exertion of great interest having obtained the Pope's permission to dispense with the year of probation, she was reconciled to the church from which, under Sir Arthur's guardianship, she had been estranged—In a few years afterwards she was, on the death of the Abbess, elected by the sisters of the Convent into the vacant Headship. Sir Arthur had followed Adelaide into Italy, but arrived too late—she had then for ever closed her connection with the world. She had withdrawn from its vanities, and she was no longer interested in its concerns—

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1823.

It has been stated as an article of political intelligence, that his Majesty, on the return of the late Governor-General of India from that country, wished to bestow on his Lordship a post in the administration, together with a seat in the Cabinet; or else an embassy of the first class. But the Marquis of Hastings does not seem to have derived any advantage from the royal recommendation. He has consequently left England for Brussels; where, it is said, he will reside in a house formerly occupied by the late Duke of Kent.

The late visit of the Duke of Cumberland to this country was made in consequence of some projected improvements at St. James's-palace. The apartments belonging to his Royal Highness were to have been converted into a mess-room for the officers of the Guards; and arrangements had been made for that purpose, a short time previous to his arrival in London. But the gentlemen who superintend the alterations of the palace, not being able to furnish the Duke with a suite of rooms equivalent to the apartments which he was expected to resign, their negotiation failed; and his Royal Highness still retains his former residence at St. James's, which was given to him by his late Majesty.

By an Order of Council, contained in the Gazette of Sept. 20th, Parliament stands prorogued from the 30th to the 25th of October.

A Proclamation has just been issued "for giving currency to the Double Sovereign, or Gold Two-Pound Piece." The standard weight of this new coin is ten pennyweights six grains and a half, and the current weight ten pennyweights five grains. The faces of this piece resemble those of the sovereign; but the edge, instead of being milled, has in raised letters, the words "*Decus et Tutamen. Anno Regni*"—with the year in which the coin is struck.

Information having arrived from France, announcing the repeal by the French government of the Decree of Andujar, issued by the Duke D'Angouleme, to limit the power of

the Spanish Regency, a considerable sensation was excited among the speculators at the Stock Exchange. It was expected that this step would lead to the resignation of His Royal Highness, and that the character of the war in Spain would be materially changed. But the expresses which have since arrived from Paris and Madrid having brought no intelligence to that effect, the alarm has subsided, and the funds have recovered from their state of temporary depression.

The present state of Ireland is most deplorable. Discontent and insubordination prevail among the lower classes of the people, leading to the perpetration of outrages attended with circumstances revolting to human nature. On the 9th, a party of White-boys attacked the house of Mr. Thomas Franks, of Lisnagorneen, in the county of Cork, and murdered that gentleman, his wife, and his son, with circumstances of peculiar cruelty; destroying Mr. Franks, sen. by shooting him with a blunderbuss, and Mrs. Franks and her son, by beating out their brains with an iron bar. The vengeance of the assassins seems to have been excited by the prosecution of Cornelius Shehan, who was convicted at the last Cork assizes of assaulting Mr. Franks, jun. with intent to rob him of his arms, and of administering to him the White-boy oath. Two brothers of Shehan the convict, were examined before the Coronor's jury, at the inquest held on the bodies of the deceased; and, though no direct evidence appeared to inculcate them, they have been detained for farther examination.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—Towards the close of last month, the Pope, Pious VII. formerly Cardinal Chiaramonte, died at Rome. He was born at Cesena, in the Romagna, Aug. 14, 1742, and was elected to the Pontificate at Venice, March 14, 1800, on the death of Pius VI. The late Pope was mild and amiable in his manners and disposition; and though he was long subjected to unjust persecutions, he never evinced any symptoms of a vindictive spirit; whilst to his friends and benefactors, especially to the English government, he always testified the warmest gratitude.

The contest in Spain, though still undecided, seems likely to terminate in favor of the foreign invaders, and the cause they support. Cadiz holds out against the French, but they have gained possession of the Trocadero and Fort St. Louis,

which were taken on the 31st ult. and their fall will probably prove the prelude to that of Cadiz itself. Corunna also is taken. The fortress of Santona was surrendered on the 11th, and intelligence has just been received, through a telegraphic dispatch, that the town and citadel of Pampeluna have capitulated. The garison will be conducted to France as prisoners of war. The policy pursued by the British ministry with regard to the affairs of Spain, seems to have given offence, both to the Royalists and the Constitutionalists. The partizans of the Regency are displeased, because the Cabinet of St. James's has not thought fit to recognize their government; and they consequently deprecate any interference on our part in their affairs. The Liberals, on the other hand, complain warmly of the indifference felt for their cause in this country: and some of the more sanguine among them assert, that their success would even now depend on any assistance, direct or indirect, from the English. Some circumstances involving a sort of disrespect for the British flag, have lately occurred at Lisbon, in consequence of the Portuguese ministers having thought proper to shew their disapprobation of the conduct of Sir R. Wilson. On the arrival of that gentleman at Lisbon, in the Nassau schooner, orders were given for arresting him, and the vessel was detained by the Portuguese authorities; but after some remonstrances from the British consul, Sir Robert W. was informed that the King of Portugal had been graciously pleased to pardon the crime which he had committed, and to grant an order that his vessel should be at liberty to proceed on her voyage. No explanation as to the nature of the imputed crime could be obtained. Sir R. W. therefore having written a letter to Count Palmella, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, relinquishing the Portuguese Order of Knighthood, which he had received, set sail for Gibraltar.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.—A singular charge was lately made at the Police-office, Marlborough-street, by Miss Hardy, who lets lodgings in Albemarle-street; against one of her inmates, Mr. Walker, an army agent. She complained that for several nights Mr. W. had sat up in his apartments till a very late hour, making a most hideous noise with a violin, under pretence of practising on that instrument. He had previously used a drum and a postman's bell for the same

purpose of annoyance; and no entreaties of his landlady, or her neighbors, could prevail on him to forego his strange amusement. On being asked to account for this conduct, Mr. W. said, he had a right to play on his violin as loud and as long as he pleased, in his own apartments, and that he should continue to do so: but his motive for thus acting was, that Miss H. and her servants had refused to take in any messages or letters; and that one day, when about to draw on his boots, he found them full of water. The lady denied having any concern in so vulgar a trick. The magistrate, while he blamed the gentleman's conduct, regretted that he could afford the complainant no redress.

The female who was committed to prison for the supposed murder of her husband, near Bangor, has been tried at the assizes, and fully acquitted. Various circumstances tended to prove that the deceased had put an end to his own life, in consequence of insanity.

Mr. Graham, the gentleman who last month disappointed the crowds assembled at Pentonville, to see him ascend in a balloon, has since (on the 5th) ascended from a timber-yard in Berwick-street, Soho; and after continuing in the air about fifty-five minutes, descended in safety near Rochester.

W. B. Dyson was tried on the 12th inst. at the Old Bailey, for the murder of Eliza Anthony. No new circumstances appeared in evidence, but several persons gave the prisoner a favorable character. The Jury brought in a verdict of *Guilty, believing that the deceased and Dyson both intended to drown themselves*. This verdict leaves the decision of the point of law involved in it to the consideration of the judges.

John Hogan, a journeyman baker, was found guilty of attempting to murder W. Whedden, foreman to Mr. Burnet, baker, Upper Thames-street. The criminal attacked his victim while he was asleep, and wounded him severely, but not dangerously, in the throat, with a razor. No adequate motive appeared for this most atrocious outrage.

The sale which is now going on at Fonthill-abbey, seems not to have drawn together such crowds as were expected. It has been stated that the number of persons assembled at any one time in the auction-room has seldom exceeded fifty or sixty. The library has been first disposed of, and some articles have fetched high prices; but the London booksellers appear to have been the chief purchasers.

THE DRAMA.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Two musical farces have lately been performed at this theatre, founded on two of the entertaining comedies of Mrs. Centlivre. The first of these pieces entitled "Too Curious by Half; or, Marplot in Spain," was performed on the 27th. It is an alteration of the *Busy Body*, from the pen of Mr. Planché; and possesses no particular claim to any further notice.—The other is styled "an operatic arrangement of the comedy of a *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, under the title of *The Guardians outwitted*." This little drama, which appeared Sep. 1., has at least the recommendation of having afforded a favorable opportunity for the display of the versatile talents of Mr. Matthews. In the character of Colonel Feignwell, who puts on various disguises in order to gain his mistress, that admirable actor was quite *at home*. Miss Kelly also, as the heroine of the drama, contributed much to its success.

Another farce has since been brought out called "A Dun a Day." The plot turns upon the distresses of young Rakely, who is in love and in debt. His mistress refuses to marry him without the consent of his father, and his creditors besiege him with their demands. His servant Nick contrives to keep off the Duns, by assigning to each a particular day; except Mr. Plush, the taylor, who insists on admittance, and Nick persuades him, as the only chance of obtaining his money, to personate old Rakely, and in that disguise to give his consent to the son's marriage, which the real father refuses. The latter however disconcerts this scheme, by unexpectedly making his appearance. The old gentleman of course gives up his opposition to the marriage, and pays off the creditors, all but Plush, who is thus punished for his duplicity. This amusing little piece has been favorably received.

The revival of the farces "Hit or Miss," and "The Wags of Windsor," has afforded the lover of the drama opportunities of seeing Mr. Matthews in the parts of Dick Cypher and Caleb Quotem; which cannot be filled to greater advantage.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

SOME novelty has been attempted in the exhibitions at this house; and not entirely without success. The best of these new pieces is a farce, intitled "Fish out of Water." The hero of the Drama is Charles Gayface, in love with the daughter of a baronet who is appointed ambassador to Denmark. To avoid a separation from his mistress, who is about to travel with her father, Charles resolves to offer himself as secretary to the Embassy. It happens that the ambassador is in want of a cook as well as a secretary, and Samuel Savory, applying for the former office, is, by a ludicrous mistake, invested with the latter. Charles, coming afterwards and finding the Secretary's place filled, resolves to take the vacant post in the kitchen, rather than miss the opportunity of getting into the family. This change of offices leads to some whimsical incidents. At length Savory's ignorance betrays the deception, and the piece ends with the union of the lover.—Mr. Liston performed the part of the cook turned secretary; and, without detracting from the merit of those who personated the other characters, we may safely attribute to his comic powers the success of this Farce.

Two other trifling dramas have been represented here. "The Gay Deceivers" is the title of a farce in which Mr. Harley represented the principal character, much to the amusement of the audience.—"The Great Unknown" proved too dull to bear repetition. One of its objects was to expose the absurdities of *Craniology*, a pretended science which affords a fair field for satire.

This theatre has unfortunately been deprived of the talents of Miss Paton; a circumstance for which the Proprietors have thought it necessary to account by a public advertisement, in which that lady is stated to have broken her engagement, and undertaken to sing at several provincial concerts.

THE visitors of the SURRY THEATRE have been gratified by witnessing the performance of Mr. J. Reeve, whose talents as a mimic have often contributed to the public amusement at the English Opera-house and at the Adelphi-theatre,

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Walking & Evening Dresses for October 1835

Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward Street Portman Square

Plot 037, 196 x 3.7, Dean S. Nungay, Theaetronite Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR OCTOBER, 1823.

WALKING DRESS.

A PELISSE of French chocolate-colored *Gros de Naples*, to fit tight to the shape, trimmed down each side with a novel French trimming, composed of satin of the same color, edged with a narrow piping of the same material; the border is completed with a broad satin *rouleau*. The sleeves are rather tight to the arm and finished with full puffings, confined in the centre with narrow pipings of the same. The collar is cut round, and falls over behind; the throat is filled up with a handsome full French ruff, confined with a gold brooch. The bonnet is composed of white satin, trimmed with a puffing round the edge; the same round the crown, and the top of the bonnet ornamented with small squares of satin, between which are placed small bunches of roses. Limerick gloves and Morocco boots to correspond with the color of the pelisse.

EVENING DRESS.

A FROCK white *crêpe lisse*, worn over a pale blue slip of *Gros de Naples*. The robe is ornamented with white satin pipings, terminating in points towards the wrist, between which are bunches of artificial flowers. The border is finished with a full puffing of white satin, confined with twisted pipings composed of the same material, and finished with a double *rouleau* at the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are of *crêpe lisse*, short, and puckered with narrow pipings: the front is composed of double *rouleaux*, forming a stomacher. The waist is encircled by a belt of pale blue velvet.—The head is decorated with a splendid coronet, and the hair in high curls on the back part of the head, with full curls on the forehead, and completed with long ringlets suspended on each side of the head.—Necklace and ear-rings of turquoise. White kid gloves and blue satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

SILK pelisses have become now more general, since we made our last report of the monthly changes of fashion. We have observed several, the *corsage* of which had the back and even the sides made full, and disposed in gathers, confined by a broad band of the same material. The front was plain; the sleeves were rather more loose than they have lately been worn, and finished by a cuff composed of a cluster of points, irregularly placed and turned upward; the epaulette was small, and composed of a cluster of points; a round falling collar, with only an edging of the lining; the pelisse was also finished in the same manner all round; a band of broad watered riband to correspond, fastened in front by a steel buckle cut in stars.

Leghorn bonnets are still genteel in walking dress: when they are small, a long white veil is indispensable. The favorite way of trimming the crowns of silk bonnets is in blond and net; between each interstice is a half-open rose. When feathers are worn in bonnets, they are extremely short, and appear to encircle the crown. Harvest wreaths, formed of scarlet poppies and ears of corn, are favorite ornaments on Leghorn bonnets. The new way of puffing riband round the crowns of the bonnets, is extremely beautiful; it requires great art in forming the elegant commencement and termination of the puffs.

A new *deshabillé* has lately made its appearance, and is admirably well adapted to morning visiting dress. It is of cambric muslin, finished round the bottom by folds of clear muslin, confined in compartments by blue satin cords, placed perpendicularly, and terminated by a button. This trimming is very deep: the *corsage* has a fulness of clear muslin let in at each side of the bust down to the centre of the waist, in the drapery style; it is corded with blue satin on each side, and formed to the shape by a blue satin *agraffe* in the centre. The dress fastens behind; there is no collar, but an Urling's lace frill, with a heading drawn with riband, which partially conceals the throat; the long sleeve, rather wide, is finished at the wrist by a triple folding drawn with riband, and terminated by a fall of work. Full epaulette, to correspond: blue satin sash fastened in a bow, and long ends behind.

The materials for dinner and evening dresses have not varied for some time; but we have seen a novel style of trim-

ming adopted in the former, which has a neat and elegant effect: it consists of folds of gauze, or *crêpe lisse*, laid on in deep bias tucks disposed in a wave, each wave being formed by an *agraffe* of satin, generally to correspond; when this style of trimming is adopted, the bust is always ornamented with a triple row of tucks, which do not go across the shoulder, but terminate at the arm-pit: the epaulette corresponds.

Among the newest dresses which we have seen, we must not omit the *robe à la Castille*. It is of rose-color, and is elegantly trimmed with white satin, in narrow *rouleaux*. The bust is ornamented on each side by Spanish slashings, bound round with narrow white satin, discovering pink *tulle* laid over white satin: a handsome blond tucker, of a vandyke pattern, falls over, and the sleeves are slashed to correspond with the bust. The border is formed of white satin Iberian points, and terminates by a demi-train, which gives great dignity to the figure, and an air of full dress to the robe, which is only adapted to evening costume.

The caps for undress are of the cornette style; they are flat on the head and wide in the front. Turbans of all kinds are worn by married ladies at evening parties: for full dress, it is customary to twist rows of pearls to confine the folds. Dress hats with feathers are still worn, and young ladies ornament their hair at concerts with a wreath of harvest-flowers, or simply with an ornamented comb, enriched with pearls.

The fashionable colors are lavender, azure, pomona-green, jonquil, and different shades of rose-color and brown.

EVENING DRESS.

WE have been favored with the inspection of a beautiful evening dress at the house of one of our first rate milliners. It consists of lilac-colored *crêpe lisse*, worn over a slip of white *Gros de Naples*. The *corsage* is made to fit the shape: in front are six corded rings, through which rise the same number of leaves, each composed of several small folds of satin, and terminated with a folded satin knot. The waist is confined by a broad corded satin band; short full sleeves, crossed by satin French bands confined by knots into squares, and finished with a corded satin band, edged with fine blond lace. The skirt is decorated with a corded diamond trimming, each diamond cut across, and a plaited puffing introduced, concealing the division, and fastening the corner of the next diamond. A broad satin hem at the bottom of the skirt.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE out-door envelopes are now of a warmer description than those of last month; the Cachemere shawl is consequently most generally resorted to: the favorite colors for the ground of these shawls are white, orange, dark cinnamon, and *ponçeau*.

Tulle over white satin is much in favor in full dress. The trimmings are of two kinds: the first consists of *rouleaux* of satin, from five to six in number: each *rouleau* is ornamented with a satin knot placed on one side of the front; these knots are arranged in a bias direction: the other style of trimming consists of festoons of gauze, which shade small bouquets of flowers.

A new material, and one likely to become very fashionable, has lately appeared for full dress gowns: it is called *Gaze de Venus*; and is worn in cherry-red, pale rose-color, and lilac: these elegant dresses are tastefully trimmed with *bouillonné*, intermixed with *agraffes* and other ornaments of white satin.

Leghorn, and *paille de riz*, are 'still the favorite materials for *chapeaux*: they are, with the exception of the *chapeau à la Bergère*, of a moderate size, and of the bonnet shape: they are very little ornamented at the edge of the brim, and the crown still continues low. Flowers are in favor, particularly *mignonette*, poppies, and different kinds of wild flowers. Feathers are, however, upon the whole, more fashionable: the long and short ostrich are both in request: the first are used to form *panaches*, which are placed on one side, and fall low on the other shoulder; the second are disposed in front of the crown: in both instances, the edge of the feather is of different colors from the other part.

The newest ear-rings are of gold, in the form of a serpent holding an orange in his mouth. Bracelets and necklaces of the latest fashion have clasps of gold, in the form of hands clasped in each other. Pearls mixed with dead gold, or colored stones with pearls, are greatly in request both for necklaces and ornaments for the hair.

The fashionable colors are, citron, emerald-green, carnation, lilac, *ponçeau*, and mahogany color.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

EDITH,
A Fragment.

AND thus her bark was wildly driven,
Toss'd by the contending winds of heaven,
Now sunk into a yawning grave,
Now thrown up boldly by the wave,
Almost unto that heaven;
But still amidst the dreadful din,
Though inward terrors shook her soul,
Fair Edith kept each fear within,
Nor let one burst from its control;
Her trust was in that Providence,
Who ever watches innocence,—
And as she sat quite motionless,
Her spirit seem'd all wrapt in bliss,
For round, and on her lips there play'd,
A smile of such seraphic grace,
As the Almighty Father made
To beam from every angel face,
At each new act of mercy done,
To guilty man, by God's own son.
Not long she sat so, for th' increase
Of noise and tumult on the deck,
Called her from dreams of heavenly peace,
To think of storm, and waves, and wreck.
And low she murmured, "Heaven, Oh! spare
My father, take him to your care:
For his ag'd spirit scarce will brave
The thought of Edith in the grave;
And he too that I dare not name,
Whose noble, generous thirst of fame,
First caused this youthful breast to move,
With sentiments of heartfelt love;

How will he bear when told it first!
 I must not think,—my heart will burst.
 Oh, would it were to him made known,
 That Edith's last sigh is his own!"
 She paused; for on her ear there fell,
 At that last word, a horrid yell,—
 She heard the voices of the crew
 Exclaim, "The mast is broke in two!"
 That sound was more than she could bear;
 A chilling pang of drooping fear
 Came o'er her frame; that quickly past,
 Her eyes to heaven she wildly cast,
 Then rush'd upon the deck and knelt,
 In attitude of prayer;
 The hardest heart must then have felt,
 That had beheld her there.
 The storm raged more, the billows rise,
 She raised her hands and closed her eyes;
 But as her lips to speak essayed,
 A larger wave with sudden sweep,
 Rush'd over the unconscious maid,
 And launch'd her in the foaming deep.
 She sunk, but quickly rose again,
 And though she struggled with the pain,
 She smiled—and one short moment o'er,
 The next, and Edith was no more.

E—— M——.

TO MISS T——.

FAREWELL! thou wilt for ever cling
 Amid the bosom's solitude;
 There flourish still unwithering,
 The soul's last, best, and cherish'd good.

Farewell! thy parting look is still
 Deep graven on this madden'd heart;
 Yet sound, with agonizing thrill,
 Thy last, last words—"for life we part."

I could have bow'd me to the dust,
 O'er the cold ashes of a friend;
 But this were of the earth, and must,
 As all that's earthly, have an end.

For thee I could not shed a tear,
Such feeling were too wild and deep;
Oh! thou wer't far too lov'd and dear,
For aught except the soul to weep.

And it has wept; the haggard eye,
The fever'd flush upon the cheek,
The glance of frenzied agony,
Too well thought's wilderness bespeak.

Cherish'd blossom of an hour
Of love, of softness, and of peace,
Quench'd are the hopes of thy young flower,
Its brightness will, for ever, cease.

Leila! the desert loneliness,
The blighted feelings of this breast,
Words cannot tell. Farewell! I'd bless
Thee, ere I go unto my rest.

Remember when, 'neath their long lashes,
Beaming radiantly on me,
Thine eyes sent forth soul-darting flashes,
As in each glance so heavenly,—

The mind would emanate, would spring,
Would wreath itself with its ador'd,
As if soul to soul enclasping,
In anxious fondness to its lord.

Farewell! farewell! a long farewell!
To hope, to ~~thee~~, to life, to all;
The last faint words my tongue shall tell
Upon thy sainted name will call.

29, Newcastle-street, Strand.

G. S.

CHARADE.

My *first* and *last* were useless found,
Did not my *second* guide,
Of many a surly pedagogue,
My whole's the greatest pride.

LOUISA.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Sir,

Seeing some Lines on the Marquis of Anglesea's Leg in your number for the present month, I am induced to send you a *faithful* transcript of the original, as taken, I *believe*, from the "London Magazine," and signed "George Canning."

L. Y. R.*

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid a *British calf*!

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here too lies a *sole*.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot—to speak more plain,
Rest here, of one commanding
Who tho' his wits he might retain,
Lost half his *understanding*:

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught,
To give the foe *leg-bail*.

And now in England, just as gay,
As in the battle brave.
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With *one foot in the grave*.

Fortune in vain here shewed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight
Resolv'd to *stand his ground*.

* The Editor offers his thanks to L. Y. R. for the corrected verses which are here, for the writer's credit, again inserted. As it is not designed to make the Museum the depository of literary plunder, the Editor requests, that all communications not original, may be specified as such; for, though the compass of his individual reading may not detect the imposition, yet the fraud cannot, as in the instance before us, remain long undiscovered.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm,
And when she lopped the hero's leg,
She did not seek his *h-arm*,

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one,
She saw *two legs* were lost on him
Who never meant *to run*.

SONG

BY MISS MARY L. R——.

~~~~~  
Air—"Mary's Dream."  
~~~~~

WHEN sleep forsakes my eyes at morn,
My first fond thought, oh, love! is thine;
As when the Indian views the dawn,
He kneels to bless its light divine.
But how should not my thoughts be cast
On thee with morning's early light?
When heaven know's thou wert the last,
That dwelt upon my soul at night!

Oh! bless him, is my midnight prayer,
Oh! bless him, is the wish of morn;
What scene so bright, wert thou not there,
That Mary wou'd not shun and scorn?
Could pleasure breathe a note divine,
Though angels join'd her minstrelsy?
No—trust me one dear word of thine,
Has more enchantment, love, for me.

For you I'll quit each giddy scene,
Where care a false oblivion finds,
To share the calm, the sweet serene,
Of blended hearts, and mutual minds:
Without thee, all is vague and cold,
While all is dear that's shar'd with thee;
The world for me can nothing hold
But *thee*,—for thou'rt the world to me!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

TH' expanse of ocean, and the moon's bright beams,
Engage the thoughts, and raise the soul to heav'n;
The silence of this scene pervades the mind,
And calms the bitterness of deep affliction.
As here I muse and ponder on the past,
And, led by fancy, pourtray times to come,
I can forget the sorrows of my heart,
And feel a momentary gleam of joy:
But when pale Cynthia shall withhold her light,
And leave in darkness all the world around,
Then the enchantment vanishes away,
And leaves the sad reality behind.—
Each wave that bends its course upon the shore,
And in majestic grandeur swells the tide,
Has its commission'd errand to disclose,
On which perhaps the fate of man depends.
Responsive to the sound my soul replies,
And echoes back to heav'n the awful burst.
How dignified this lonely orb appears,
Shedding abroad her silv'ry shades of light!
She, like some fair one, simple in attire,
Can charm the senses and improve the mind—
Can form the soul to taste less rapturous joys,
And live to friendship, though 'tis dead to love.
Friendship! how sweet the thought, divine the sound,
The only attribute of God in man,
Since Satan's wiles hath lost our guilty race.
Friendship! I fain would sing, in humble strains,
Thy noble nature, and thy sov'reign balm,
Thy condescending goodness, and thy store
Of Christian charity to frail mankind.
Though Young and Cowper's lyre so sweetly sound,
And dignify what I so feebly lisp,
Yet I could paint thee as thou art to me,
And court my muse, to emulate their song.
Soft, sweet, and gentle, as an angel spoke
Thy voice denotes thy errand to my soul;
Patient of injury, and kind, and true,
Smiles on thy face, and pity in thy heart;
Not dazzling as the glorious orb of day,
That shines on all the world, and, pageant-like,
Has only charms for happy souls, and
Hearts devoid of care.—————

Why dwell so long on those sublunar joys
Which fade so soon, when death shall call us home,
And not improve the lesson to the heart!
If such on earth with fellow-worms can charm,
What may we hope from Him "whose life was love."

A M.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
Robert Bloomfield.

//////
BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.
//////

THOU son of song, whom 'mid the sordid toil
Of vulgar poverty the muse caress'd,
Whose finer feelings shrunk with quick recoil
From the low ills by which thou wert oppress'd.
The griefs of poverty bring to all mankind
Wild pangs that mock all language to reveal,
But oh! how heighten'd are they in the mind,
Form'd with intensity to think and feel!
Where quick vibrations of impulsive thought,
Drive on the stream of life with fatal force;
Where hope's mild magic is too quickly caught,
And check'd as quickly in its rapid course:
No cool deductions from experience spring,
To check the aspirations fondly nurs'd,
And years the usual disappointment bring,
Unlooked for, and undreaded as the first.
Ill-formed with all the ills of life to cope,
Still though betray'd such beings trust anew,
And yielding to the luxury of hope,
Yet fondly trust to find *one* vision true.
Mistaken beings! late 'tis yours to learn,
How rare is friendship, and how false is fame;
That man will sooner bend before an urn,
Than breathe a tribute to a living name.
Bloomfield, I mourn thee not, for 'twas thy fate,
Ne'er to surmount life's petty ills and care,
Encroaching woe still clamor'd at thy gate,
And hope's fond smile still sadden'd to despair.
Thou reck'st but little now what fame may say,
Ill can its praise for life's long woes atone;
But still perchance in its *congenial* way,
The world may yet reward thee with a stone.

Marriages.

At Clapham, R. Bevan, esq. to Charlotte, only daughter of the late Colonel Hunter.

Rev. Edward Brice, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. W. George, Vicar of North Petherton.

Capt Montague, R. N. and C. B., to Ann, daughter of Sir G. W. Leeds.

The Hon. T. Dundas, eldest son of Lord Dundas, to Sophia Jane, sister of Sir Wedworth Williamson.

At Bromley, Wm. Saunders, esq. Captain in the Horse Artillery, to Eliza Louisa, second daughter; and C. B. Baldwin, esq., of the Inner Temple, to Frances Lydia, third daughter of Walter Boyd, esq. M. P.

Deaths.

At Low Hall, Brompton, the Rev. J. Cayley, sixty years Rector of Terrington.

At Bambury, the Rev. Edward Ellis, A. M., Vicar of Chippenham, and Under Master of Westminster School.

At Quebec, Langham Smith, esq., at the age of 100 years; he had served as a private in Gen. Wolfe's army, at the taking of Quebec.

Suddenly, the venerable Caley Illingworth, D. D., F. S. A., Archdeacon of Stow, and Rector of Epworth.

At Penrith, C. Wilson, esq., of Fenchurch-street, while sailing with a party of ladies, on the Ulswater Lake, by the accidental discharge of his gun. He had only recently been married.

At Stepney, Mrs. Gould, aged 95. During the riots of 1780, her house was attacked by Lord George Gordon's mob, when she owed her safety, and that of her family, to flight.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Mother's reflection on the death of her child," will meet an early insertion.

The Stanzas to which J. B. D. refers, have never been in the present Editor's possession.

L. Y. R. has heard, ere this, from us.

The Papal See being vacant, we would be obliged if any of our Correspondents would state what are the proceedings observed at the election of a Successor.

We beg most distinctly to state that any attempt on the part of our Correspondents, to impose the published writings of others on us, as their own, will, on detection, induce us to reject, without perusal, every communication that may afterwards reach us from the same quarter.

We have received D. D. D.'s letter. We admire his candour, but dare not encourage him to devote himself to the muses; Horace says, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," and we subscribe to the accuracy of his maxim.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the second Essay, inserted in this number. We earnestly invite a comparison of its merits, and of the validity of its arguments as compared with that of Eliza Catherine —, and we hope our Correspondents will favour us with the results of their investigation.

The letter of Verax has been received, the insertion of which is rendered unnecessary by the appearance of J. B. D.'s Essay.

J. B——n's verses are, for the reasons he conjectures, inadmissible.

The Essay on Poverty has quite disappointed our expectations; we refer it back for mature correction.



Painted by Wageman.

Engraved by W. Walcott.

Robert Bloomfield.

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